

struck with the resemblance of the Old Town of Edinburgh to the ancient parts of Paris; indeed, at some times the resemblance was perfect. I am going to the Louvre this morning and to the Opera this evening, for we do not leave Paris until

I have not kept my journal, but of course shall. My fellow travellers will, however, make up for all my negligence; Austen's journal commencing at Guilford Street, with the incidents of wheel-greasing and vail-givmg not forgotten, and Mrs. A. having already filled her quarto, although, having more modestly commenced only at Dover. . . God bless you.

Yours most affectionately,

B. DISRAELI.

From Paris they posted by the road through Dijon to Geneva. There are some brightly written letters from Mrs. Austen to Sarah Disraeli, which give us here and there an interesting side-glimpse of her young fellow-traveller. 'The real improvement in your brother's health and looks quite surprises me,' she writes from. Dijon. ' He seems to enjoy everything, *pour ou contre*^ and has just said high mass for a third bottle of burgundy.' Burgundy was always his favourite wine.

To Isaac D'Israeli.

GENEVA,
Aug.

1. MY DEAR FATHER,

. . . . At the termination of the Jura ridge which, bounds one side of the plain of Geneva, did I on Friday morning witness the most magnificent sight in the world — the whole range of the high Alps with Mont Blanc in the centre *ivithout a cloud*¹; the effect was so miraculous that for a long time I did not perceive the lovely scene under me, the plain and city and lake of Geneva, the latter of ultramarine blue. Such a view of the Alps has been seen by few persons in this country, and was occasioned by the unparalleled dryness and heat of the season, which, as we are daily informed by travellers, exceeds by much the heat now-experienced on the other side of the Alps, in Italy. The heat does not, however, affect me the least. I have not had a day's, nay an hour's, illness since I left England. . . . I ¹ Compare *Contarini Fleming*, Pt. HE. ch. 1.

